

## **Pit Stop by pterafactal**

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**Summary:**

Will and Mike are headed home to Hawkins for their first break from Indiana University when they decide to make an urgent pit stop.

## **Pit Stop**

### **Author's Note:**

Lightly fluffy, mostly smutty snapshot of university age Mike and Will coming to grips with being back in their parents' houses for a few weeks after dating and living together in the dorms.

Will sighed for what was probably the third time in as many minutes. Mike glanced over and saw him staring out the window, watching the world go by as they drove down the interstate towards Hawkins. They were about halfway through the increasingly monotonous three hour trek home from Bloomington and Will was getting restless.

“Finish your book?” Mike asked.

“Huh? Oh, yep.”

“Want to listen to some music?”

“Hmm, not really.”

Mike's brow furrowed. He reached over and gave Will's thigh a squeeze. “You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Sorry. Just bored,” Will reassured him with a small smile.

“Yeah, this part of the drive really starts to drag.”

They were quiet for a few minutes, the only sounds were Will shifting in his seat, struggling to get comfortable.

“Mike,” Will whined after squirming for several more minutes.

“What?”

“I'm bored.” Mike laughed.

“I know.”

“And...” Will huffed out a bit of air. “I have a boner.”

Mike laughed harder this time, feeling the back of his neck flush with warmth.

“It’s not funny,” Will protested, smiling in spite of himself. “Sitting here is driving me crazy.”

“Oh, is it?” Mike teased.

Will snorted. “Not like that.”

Mike licked his lips reflexively and gripped the steering wheel a bit more tightly. “Thinking about anything in particular?”

Will made a thoughtful sound but didn’t elaborate. A few minutes passed.

“You’re not going to tell me more than that?” Mike asked, doing his best not to sound overly invested.

Will laughed. “What, so we can both spend the next hour and a half driving through Indiana with erections?”

“True.” Mike ran his thumbs back and forth across the curve of the steering wheel.

“I mean, I guess there is one thing we could do,” Will said, looking over at Mike. He didn’t turn to meet Will’s gaze, but Mike could feel heat pricking along the tops of his cheeks.

“Yeah?”

“I could give you road head,” Will said nonchalantly, reaching over to touch Mike’s thigh.

Mike laughed nervously, but he could feel himself getting hard at the thought of it. He shifted in his seat and Will laughed.

“That was easy,” Will murmured, sliding his hand further to touch Mike’s growing erection through his jeans.

“Hey, just existing in proximity to me gave you a boner,” Mike said defensively. Will laughed again and gave Mike’s cock a little squeeze, eliciting a soft moan.

Will began to unfasten Mike’s belt and buttons, unzip his fly. Mike’s grip on the steering wheel increased until he thought he might snap it in half. When Will reached inside his boxers and pulled his cock out he swore and made a series of pitiful sounds.

“God, I can’t believe we’re really doing this. Is this... Is it safe? What if we get into an accident? Can you imagine trying to explain this to the cops—to Hopper?”

“Don’t say my step dad’s name when we’re making out, please,” Will said with a snort. “And we don’t have to do this. We could just wait. I mean it’s only another, what, hour and fifteen minutes until we get back to the complete and total privacy of sleeping in our parents’ houses for two weeks?”

“Oh, God, I hadn’t even thought about that.” Mike glanced over at Will, his face flushed and his lips wet with saliva. “I can’t imagine not being with you for two weeks. That’ll be the longest since—”

“Since we first got together, yeah,” Will said softly.

Mike felt a surge of possessiveness and desperation—the idea of being separated from Will verged on physically painful.

“I guess that’s... That’s what I was thinking about,” Will added as he began to gently stroke Mike’s cock. “Two weeks without... Without kissing you. Without you going down on me. Without you fucking me.” Mike whimpered and his hips twitched. “I just want one more time, you know, to hold us over.”

“Fuck, yes, I mean, I want that too. I need that,” Mike said, his voice shaking. Will looked into Mike’s eyes for a moment before leaning down and taking him in his mouth, lapping with his tongue at the moisture that had collected on the tip of his cock. “Fuck, Will. Your mouth feels amazing.”

Will began to bob his head up and down, running his tongue along

Mike's shaft. Above him, Mike struggled to stay focused on the road, moaning and mumbling encouragements and epithets.

"I can't—I can't come like this, I'll drive us into a tree," Mike panted. Will pulled off and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You sure?"

Mike swallowed a whine at the loss of contact, his spit slick cock twitching in the open air. "Yeah, I'm sure."

Will fell back in his seat with a breathy sigh, edging on frustration. "I'm so hard now it's actually painful," he murmured. Mike laughed.

"Yeah, same." Mike reached down and stroked himself a few times. "God I wish you were still blowing me."

"I could be," Will whispered.

"No, no, we can't. I'll kill us both, seriously."

Will sighed aggressively and Mike snorted.

"Look, there's a state park exit in two miles," Will said with renewed enthusiasm.

"Yeah, and? You want to go camping now?" Mike could practically feel Will rolling his eyes, even without looking over.

"We could make a pit stop," Will murmured, reaching out to give Mike's cock a gentle squeeze.

"Oh yeah?" Mike asked, struggling to keep his tone even. "What would we do on this pit stop?"

"I was thinking you could push me up against the back of the car and fuck me. Just a suggestion." Mike swore under his breath.

"I've never wanted to go to an Indiana state park more than I want to in this moment." Will laughed and Mike flipped the signal on and made the exit, the car grumbling a bit as it slowed to match the speed of the smaller road.

It took about 10 minutes to reach the entrance to the state park after leaving the highway. Will spent them digging around for lubricant in the glove box and back seat.

“You’re very eager,” Mike said with a small smile.

“Please,” Will snorted from behind him as he pulled his backpack into the front seat. “You took the exit so fast you practically gave us whiplash.” Mike made a dismissive sound.

“I can’t believe we’re arguing about which of us wants the other more,” Mike said with a self-effacing laugh. Will leaned over and gave him a little kiss on the cheek.

As the car passed through the gate to the park the trees grew taller and closer, surrounding them and arching over them like a canopy. Mike took the first turn onto a little service road, driving until it disappeared into nothingness. He shifted the gear into park and killed the engine, glancing over at Will with a ridiculous grin. Will’s expression mimicked his, and he surged forward, crashing their lips together.

Mike could taste himself on Will’s tongue and he resisted the urge to moan into his mouth. He reached down and began unfastening Will’s pants, sliding his hands into his briefs and pulling out his stiff cock, flushed red and hot to the touch. Will broke the kiss and moaned at the touch, reaching over to grip Mike as well. They stroked one another lightly for a few moments, kissing and giggling, heady with excitement.

Will pulled away suddenly, pushing Mike back into his seat, and leaning down to swallow him whole. Mike was caught off guard and moaned loudly at the contact, running his fingers through Will’s hair. He gave Will a gentle tug and pulled him back up, bringing their lips together again.

“My turn,” Mike said softly as he took hold of Will’s cock in one hand and bent over to take him in his mouth, sucking him noisily as he squirmed and moaned.

“Mike,” Will whimpered. “God, I almost wanna come like this.”

Mike pulled back just slightly and looked up at Will, continuing to stroke him. "We can do whatever you want. Anything you want." He took Will in his mouth again, this time swallowing as much of him as he could.

"I think—fuck—I think I still want you inside me," Will choked out, pulling Mike off.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, I want... I want you to pull my pants down and bend me over the hood of the car and fuck me until I come."

"God, okay."

"Is that—is that okay?" Will asked, slightly sheepish.

"Yes, God, yes. I love fucking you," Mike said hoarsely. He was practically shaking he was so turned on, his neglected cock leaking as it twitched repeatedly.

They quickly got out of the car, not even bothering to close the doors. Will put his hands on the hood of the car and looked back at Mike expectantly. He stepped closer, inhaling the scent of Will's neck as he pushed his jeans and underwear down until he was completely exposed. He slipped his fingers between Will's cheeks and easily pushed his first digit inside.

"I'm so ready, Mike," Will gasped out. "That's all I've been thinking about since we left two hours ago. You inside me. I'm ready. There's—there's a little bottle of lube in my pants pocket."

Mike leaned down and grabbed the bottle, slicking his fingers and his cock. He reached down and slipped two fingers inside, angling for Will's prostate.

"Fuck," Will hissed, shifting and spreading his legs a bit wider. "Please, Mike, please. I need you."

"Okay, okay, you'll have me, just be patient," Mike said softly into his ear. Will shivered as Mike pushed his cock between his cheeks, moving up and down. He reached around and gave Will a little

squeeze.

Mike reached down and began to line them up, rubbing the head of his cock on Will's entrance, teasing.

"Mike," Will pleaded, squirming, pushing back against him.

"I've got you, I've got you," Mike whispered. He pressed his head against Will once more, but pushed inside this time, entering him slowly and smoothly. Will moaned, covering Mike's hand on his hip with his own.

Mike started a gentle rhythm of deep strokes in and out. He reached around and began to stroke Will in turn, earning him a desperate sound from deep inside. Around them the forest was silent except for the slick, kinetic sounds of their bodies colliding.

Mike could already feel his orgasm beginning to approach, a tight and wound up heat threatening to explode.

"I'm not going to last long," Mike huffed out.

"Me neither," Will said in a dazed tone. "Can you—can you go faster?"

Mike moaned a little and nodded against Will's shoulder, picking up his pace, making his thrusts a little shorter and increasingly uneven.

"Oh, God, Mike—I'm about to come, don't stop, please, don't stop—" He heard a faint sound as the first few shots of Will's come hit the hood of the car. "Keep going, keep going," Will panted. Mike continued to fuck him and stroke him as the last few drops of come dribbled out the end of his cock.

Will was breathing heavily, clutching at Mike's arm across his chest as he struggled to stay upright in the aftermath of his orgasm. Mike could feel Will twitch and spasm around his cock and it was almost enough to push him over the edge, even after he'd stopped thrusting.

"I just—I just came so hard, I feel like I can barely stand up," Will whispered, his eyes fluttering shut. Mike nuzzled the back of his sweat dampened neck. After a few beats, Will craned his neck to the side and they kissed. "Did you come?" Mike shook his head.



“Not yet,” he said softly.

“Mmm, I know what we should do,” Will murmured. He reached behind him and gingerly pulled off of Mike. His cock jumped several times after being released from inside Will and Mike reached down to stroke it slowly.

“What’s that?”

“Here, get back in the car and put the seat all the way back.” Mike nodded obediently, shuffling over and sitting down in the passenger’s seat.

Will climbed inside and straddled him, lining them up before settling back down on to Mike’s cock. “How’s that?” he whispered.

“You feel amazing,” Mike murmured, screwing his eyes shut. Will began a slow rhythm of bouncing up and down with Mike’s assistance, hands gripping his hips.

“I love riding you,” Will whispered, leaning forward to speak directly into Mike’s ear.

“Fuck... I love it too. I love the feeling of being inside you, you’re so warm and t-tight around my cock.”

“God, you’re gonna make me hard again,” Will moaned, grinding down onto Mike.

“I—I’m getting close,” Mike choked out, thrusting up into Will more rapidly. Will gripped him tightly, moving back and forth. Mike felt a surge of heat deep inside, swirling pressure building. “Oh, fuck,” Mike groaned. He slammed his hips up against Will three more times before growling as he came, filling Will up, feeling the excess slide back down his cock.

Will kissed him deeply, grinding until there was nothing left and Mike slipped out of him, soft and completely spent.

Mike’s head fell back against the seat and Will collapsed on his chest. Mike reached over and closed the passenger door, suddenly feeling a bit exposed as he took in the scene, his pants around his ankles, Will

naked from the waist down. He wrapped his arms around Will and squeezed him until he laughed.

"I love you, Mike."

"I love you, too," Mike whispered, stroking the back of Will's head.

"I really am going to miss you this week."

"Yeah, me too..." Mike said, sadly. "Hey, you know what we should do? We should get out our old walkie talkies."

Will snorted.

"I'm serious," Mike insisted. "We can talk to each other and it'll be mostly private."

"We could just use the phone?"

Mike kissed Will's forehead. "Not as fun, but okay."

Will sighed. "My mom's probably at home thinking we're dead in a ditch somewhere."

"Not an unrealistic fear for the mother of a proponent of road head."

Will lightly slapped Mike's arm. "You know what I mean. We should get back on the road."

"True." Mike ran his hand up and down Will's back in thoughtful silence. "Do you think we should like... Clean off the car or...?"

Will just laughed.